Touch but my lips with those faire lips of thine,
Though mine be not so faire, yet are they red,
The kisse shalbe thine owne as well as mine,
What seest thou in the ground? hold vp thy head,
Looke in mine eye-bals, there thy beauty lyes,
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

Art thou asham'd to kisse? then winke againe,
And I will winke, so shall the day seeme night.
Loue keeps his reuels where there be but twaine:
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight,
These blew-veind violets whereon we leane,
Neuer can blab, nor know not what we meane.

The tender spring vpon thy tempting lip,
Shewes thee vnripe, yet maist thou well be tasted,
Make vse of time, let not aduantage slip,
Beautie within it selfe should not be wasted:
Faire flowers that are not gathred in their prime,
Rot, and consume themselues in little time.

Were I hard-fauourd, foule, or wrinckled old,
Ill-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
Ore-worne, despised, reumatique, and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, leane, and lacking iuyce;
Thé mightst thou pause, for thé I were not for thee,
But hauing no defects, why dost abhor me?

Thou

Thou canst not see one wrinckle in my brow,
Mine eyes are grey and bright, & quick in turning:
My beautie as the spring doth yearely grow,
My flesh is soft, and plumpe, my marrow burning,
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palme dissolue, or seeme to melt.

Bid me discourse, I will inchaunt thine eare,
Or like a Fairie, trip vpon the greene,
Or like a Nimph, with long disheueled heare
Daunce on the sands, and yet no footing seene.
Loue is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not grosse to sinke, but light, and will aspire.

Witnesse this primrose banke whereon I lie,
These forceles flowers like sturdy trees support me:
Two strégthles doues will draw me through the sky
From morne til night, euen where I list to sport me.
Is loue so light sweet boy, and may it be,
That thou shouldst thinke it heauie vnto thee?

Is thine owne heart to thine owne face affected?
Can thy right hand ceaze loue vpon thy left?
Then woo thy selfe, be of thy selfe reiected:
Steale thine owne freedome, & complaine of theft.
Narcissus so himselfe himselfe forsooke,
And died to kisse his shadow in the brooke.